WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, January 8, 1803. [No. 14.

SEDUCTION.

A TALE FOUNDED UPON FACT.

IT was at the close of a beautiful evening, at the latter end of September, when the variegated tints of autumn gave a richness to the scene, that I was contemplating the sublimity of the surrounding objects, illuminated by the rays of the declining sun. From admiring these glorious views of Nature, my thoughts imperceptibly turned to the Author of her charms, and I emphatically exclaimed, in the words of the immortal Milton, "These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!"

I was prevented from pursuing the ideas of the Poet, from having my own suddenly called from the celestial sphere, by a voice, exclaiming in a tone of supplication, "For God's sake, Sir, assist me to rise." There was something in the tone that appealed strongly to the feelings; and I instantly turned round, to see from whence it came, when I beheld a figure that was formed to excite veneration, stretched under the hedge which divided me from the road. He was attempting to raise himself upon his elbow; and his alpine locks in some degree concealed his intelligent face: but when he looked up, and implored me to assist him, I was struck with the deep marks of anguish every feature displayed.

After having placed him in an erect posture, I put an oaken stick into his hand; and at the same time enquired to what place he was going, and told him my services were much at his command.

"I am going, Sir," said he, in a voice more tremulous from agitation, than from the weight of infirmities and years, "to that bourne from whence no weary traveller was ever yet known to return! and fain would I reach my humble dwelling before my bones are laid in peace."

I easily perceived, by this style of expression, that his mind was sinking under distress; and, without knowing the cause, by the power of sympathy, I felt anxious to remove the affliction from his breast. After a few minutes conversation with the unfortunate stranger, I found that he was upwards of fifteen miles from home; and, after some persuasion, he at length consented to pass the night in my abode.

I have ever found that the softer affections make an instantaneous impression upon the heart; for I have often felt myself interested in the welfare of different characters, from merely having heard their misfortunes described. In the present instance, my sensations carried me beyond this sentiment, for I was interested without being able to assign the reason why; yet there was something so peculiarly attractive in the melancholy cast of his countenance, that my heart involuntarily offered him the tribute of a sigh.

After supporting him to my house, (which was about a quarter of a mile distant,) I immediately ordered a bed to be prepared, and supplied him with those cordials which I conceived would be requisite for the purpose of restoring his exhausted strength. As soon as he was in bed, he fell into a profound slumber; and though I desired my servant to stay by him, I requested he might not be disturbed: but about four o'clock in the morning, he rushed into my chamber, to inform me he believed the stranger had expired.

Upon entering the room, I found the object of my compassion but little superior to what my servant had described; but, however, I soon had the pleasure of finding that, by the assistance of some cordials, the suspended powers of nature seemed to revive: yet a fever succeeded this alarming debility, of so dangerous a nature, as to confine him to his bed; and when he arose, he was not only grateful for my attentions, but, to prevent me from fancying they were ill bestowed, gave me the following history of his life.

"My name, Sir," said he, "is Butler; and though my present appearance bespeaks poverty, once I knew it only by name; but the duplicity of a man on-

whom I had placed a firm reliance, brought those miseries upon me which I must unceasingly bewail. As my forefathers had always resided upon their patrimonial inheritance, and I was fond of those amusements which the country procured, upon the death of my father, I gave up those prospects which the practice of the *law* had opened to my view, and turned all my thoughts to the cultivating of my property, which I knew by cultivation might be highly improved. My heart, which was naturally *warm*, was formed for friendship; and I felt the impression even when a boy at school; it increased with my growth, seemed a part of my existence, and was not even diminished by the passion of love!

"To have entertained an opinion that my *friend* would have *injured me*, I should have thought a sacrilege to the hallowed name; therefore, when I was requested to accept bills nearly to the amount of my property, I rejoiced in an opportunity of evincing my esteem. Judge then, Sir, what must have been my sensations, when I heard that the companion of my infancy had involved me in distress the most severe; for the very day I had accepted bills to the amount of some thousands, the treacherous being suddenly disappeared!

"Though I had a sufficient portion of fortitude to have encountered any calamity that had merely been attached to myself, yet, when I considered that the object of my affection was involved in the ruin, I felt absolutely incapable of supporting the distress; and the agonizing sensations which arose from my credulity, produced the most afflicting disease upon my brain. Time, however, united to my Charlotte's attentions, soon restored me to my senses; and in the course of a few weeks I was able to quit my bed. Instead of my beloved Charlotte reproaching me for my credulity, or repining under the loss she was destined to endure, she endeavored to fortify my mind against dejection, and taught me to meet those misfortunes with *resignation*, which *regret* can never cure.

"As soon as I was completely recovered from my indisposition, the first measure I adopted was to sell my patrimonial estate, and to purchase a small cottage, about fifteen miles distant from your friendly and hospitable retreat. In this abode of industry and contentment, not any thing material occurred for fifteen years. My wife, it is true, sometimes expressed a regret at not being blessed with children; but I endeavored, by increased tenderness, to supply their place. At the end of that period, to our mutual gratification, my beloved Charlotte's wishes were unexpectedly supplied; and our mutual passion appeared to be strengthened, by the endearing fondness which we reciprocally felt for our child. Our Matilda, Sir, was at once our pride and our felicity, as a more lovely infant never was seen. But why do I mention that which has proved the destruction of my Charlotte's existence, and the total ruin of my peace!

"I have often been astonished at the sentiments of different authors, who have declared, that education has the power of subverting all natural defects; and that the youthful mind, under proper cultivation, may be rendered as pliant as the osier twig. My child had the advantage both of *precept* and *example*; yet, alas! neither of these produced the desirable effects: and from the age of nine years, I had the misery of observing, she neither appeared to feel filial affection or respect. At that early period she displayed an excess of vanity, which neither remonstrance nor persuasion were able to restrain; and her ill-judging acquaintance would frequently extol that *beauty*, of which unfortunately she was already too vain.

"Sir Charles Dashmore had a seat about three miles from my humble habitation; and at church his lady had frequently seen my child; and being struck by the superiority of her personal attractions, always repeated her admiration whenever they chanced to meet. At length she called one evening at our cottage, and, after framing some slight excuse, told my wife, she was absolutely struck with the charms of her child, and begged she would let her spend a few days at her house. This my dear Charlotte declined, upon the most reasonable foundation; and informed her Ladyship, that, though she was flattered by such a mark of her respect, yet, as her daughter was distined to live in humble retirement, she thought the witnessing scenes of *grandeur* might have a dangerous effect. Lady Dashmore endeavored to convince her of the folly of such ideas, and assured her, that Matilda was formed to grace any sphere; but finding that she was not inclined to alter her opinion, with some degree of resentment she left the house.

"Matilda unfortunately was present during this conversation, and instantly felt the utmost resentment against my wife, whom she considered as depriving her of those future advantages which Nature had benevolently intended she should receive. Instead of that tender and reciprocal confidence which should always exist between a parent and a child, my daughter considered her mother as an unamiable being, envious of the flattering marks of Lady Dashmore's esteem. As she increased in years, she increased in beauty; and her happiness consisted merely in the studying a becoming dress; and though she frequently saw how much concern we felt from this propensity, yet she would not sacrifice a new ribband to lessen our distress.

"Though Lady Dashmore had appeared displeased at my wife's refusing to part with Matilda, yet, after her first introduction, she called frequently at our house, and at length brought her son, who was returned from College, to take a friendly cup of tea one summer afternoon. It happened to be my ill-fated girl's birth-day, who had just entered into her sixteenth year; and the moment the young man was made acquainted with the circumstance, he took out his pencil, and wrote some complimentary lines; which, as being the first mark of gallantry that had been offered to Matilda, of course made a strong impression upon her mind. These fatal lines proved but a prelude to a correspondence, that was most secretly observed; for, after Lady Dashmore's departure, in a letter I implored her never more to introduce her fascinating son; yet respectfully intreated her not to be offended at a father's solicitude for the fate of his child. As Matilda seldom went out but under the protection of her mother, very few opportunities occurred for the young people to meet; but as Mr. Dashmore had corrupted the fidelity of my servant, letters between them were regularly exchanged.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF MADAME CLARION, THE CELEBRATED FRENCH ACTRESS.

[*Written by herself.*]

(Concluded from p. 99.)

THE result of my studies since has confirmed the propriety of my first ideas. Voltaire has justified them in his commentary on Corneille; and the Public, as well satisfied with my haughtiness as with Mademoiselle Gaussin's tenderness, has given me every reason to believe that I have not lost my labor, and that by arming ourselves with patience, respect, and reason, we may sometimes adopt our own ideas, and not implicitly follow the judgment and opinions of others.——

The farther I advanced in my studies the greater were my apprehensions of success. I felt that, by adhering too closely to certain truths, I should offend against ordinary customs. The dread of experiencing the censure of the public did not allow me sufficient courage to ingraft upon the characters I performed that destinguishing and appropriate feature which, in my judgment, belonged to them. I feared even that I had not sufficiently reflected, to enable me to depend upon my own judgment. I felt the immense distance between theory and practice: I spent nearly ten years in researches equally profound and minute. Exhausted by my labors, and impatient at finding them useless, I thought it my duty to repair to one of our provinces, and try the effect of my system upon a public unprejudiced, and uninfluenced by particular habits. I obtained permission to go to Bourdeaux.

The necessity of acquiring the immediate reputation of a fine actress induced me to employ, in the character of Phédre, in which I made my first appearance, that impassioned style of acting, haughtiness of deportment, and vehemence of expression, which had been so much applauded at Paris, and which the ignorant called nature. I quite astonished my auditory. The next day I assumed the character of Agrippine, and played it, from beginning to end, in conformity to my own ideas.

This simple, easy, and natural style of acting, at first surprised them. An accelerated mode of utterance at the close of each couplet, and a regular gradation of vehemence, had been usually the signals for applause; they knew it had only been customary to applaud such passages; and as I did not resort to that style they had been used to, I was not applauded. Perfectly mistress of myself, I attentively observed their motions and their murmurs; I distinctly heard it said in the first scene—'But that is fine acting!—that is fine!' The couplet following was generally applauded, and I was flattered, during the remainder of the character, with the most complete success.

I represented thirty-two of my different characters, and always in my new-adopted style. Ariane was of the number; and the authors of the Encyclopedia, in the word *declamation*, have been kind enough to transmit to posterity the very marked and flattering homage which I received. However, still fearful, and doubting the judgment of the public, as well as my own, I determined to perform Phédre, as I had played it at first; and I beheld with transport, that they were dissatisfied with it. I had confidence enough to say it was an essay which I thought it my duty to make, and that I would play the same character differently, if they would indulge me with a third representation. I obtained permission—I adopted that style which was the result of my studies as completely as possible, and every one agreed there was no comparison.

Encouraged by the success I had obtained, I returned to Paris with the firm resolution either of quitting the theatre, or of finding my efforts approved; but I was received in a manner so flattering to me, that I remained on the stage thirteen years after.

I invite all persons of the same profession to reflect seriously upon my conduct: they will find that it is wrong always to refer the plaudits they may receive to the judgment of the audience—they are often nothing more than marks of kindness and encouragement; they sometimes proceed from habit, or from a comparison with actors of less talent, or less favored by nature: I may even venture to say, they are sometimes the effect of ignorance or party; for it is rare to find the public without its victim or its favorite. Every day a certain portion of the audience retire: every day different persons compose it; and, in the course of ten years, an audience does not consist of the same people. Tradition is lost; and, for want of good actors and good judges, the stage reverts to that mediocrity of ability which characterized its infancy.

VERY SINGULAR INSTANCE OF HOSPITALITY.

A FRENCH refugee, at Brussels, was surprised in that city by the French troops in their victorious entry after the battle of Fleuris. Dreading to be made a prisoner, he fled. A young girl, an entire stranger to him, who was sitting before a door, observing the terror and distraction of his air and countenance, seized him by the arm—"Stay!" she cried, "you are lost if you go forward." "And I am lost if I return," he answered. "Then enter here," said the generous girl, "and be saved."

The Frenchman accepted her offer. His hostess informed him she was niece to the sexton of the neighboring church; that it was her uncle's house in which she had received him, who would have been far from suffering her to exercise so dangerous a rite of hospitality had he been at home; and she hastened to conceal him in an outhouse, where she expected to leave him in security.

Scarcely was it dark when some French soldiers entered the same place to take up their abode for the night. Terrified at the situation of the French stranger, the girl softly followed them without being perceived, and waiting till she was sure they were asleep, she informed the refugee of his extreme danger, and desired him to follow her. Their movement wakened one of the soldiers, who, stretching out his arm, seized that of the refugee, crying out, "Who goes there!" The girl dexterously placed herself between them, and said, "It is only me, who am come to seek for——" Fortunately she had no occasion to say a word more: the soldier, deceived by the voice of a woman, let go his captive. She conducted the refugee into the house, and taking down the keys of the church, with a lamp in her hand she led him to that place as the securest asylum she could find. They entered a chapel which the ravages of war had despoiled of its orna-

ments. Behind the altar was a passage to a vault, the entrance to which was not easy to be discerned. She raised the door, and said, "This narrow staircase leads to a vault, the repository of the ashes of an illustrious family. It is scarcely possible they will suspect any person of being concealed there. Descend, and remain there till an opportunity offers for your escape." She gave him the lamp; he descended into this melancholy abode, and she closed the door upon him. His feelings may well be imagined, when, examining this dismal place by the light of his lamp, he saw the arms of his own family, which had been originally of this country. He examined the tombs of his ancestors; he viewed them with reverential affection, and rested his head with emotion upon the marble that covered their ashes. The first day passed unperceived in the midst of these strong impressions: the second brought with it the claims of hunger, even yet more pressing than the desire of liberty; yet his benefactress came not. Every hour in its lingering passage now increased his sufferings, his terror, and despair. Sometimes he imagined the generous girl had fallen a victim to her desire of saving his life; at others he accused her of forgetting him; in either case he saw himself doomed to a death a thousand times more horrible than that from which he had escaped. At length, exhausted with fruitless efforts, with agonizing fears, and the intolerable gnawings of hunger, he sank into insensibility upon one of the graves of his ancestors.

The third day was far advanced, when he recovered to a languid sense of his deplorable condition. Shortly after he heard a sound—it was the voice of his benefactress, who called to him from the Chapel. Overwhelmed with joy as with weakness, he has not the power to answer—She believes him already dead, and with a mournful exclamation lets fall the door that covers the entrance of the tomb. At the sound of the falling of the door the unfortunate man feels his powers return, utters a shriek of despair, and rushes with precipitation up the stairs. Happily the niece of the sexton had not left the spot—she hears the cry, lifts the door, and descends to save him. She had brought him food, and explained the causes of her long delay, assuring him that she had now taken such precautions, that in future she could not fail to administer to his daily wants. After seeing him refreshed and consoled, she quitted him; but had scarcely proceeded some steps when she heard the doors unlock, and the noise of a number of armed men entering. She flew back to the vault, and motioned the refugee to silence. The persons who now filled the church were a detachment of French soldiers, who had been sent there to search for an emigrant the sexton was suspected of concealing. The sexton himself led them on. Perfectly unconscious of the danger his neice had incurred, and proud of his own innocence, he loudly encouraged their activity, and directed their researches to each remote corner of the chapel, that every spot might attest his good faith. What a situation for the two captives! The soldiers passed many times over the fatal door, led by their restless and prying conductor, and each footstep sounded to the trembling victims below as the signal of their death. The entrace of the vault however remained unobserved, the noise by degrees died away, and when the neice of the sexton ventured from the vault, she found the doors of the church shut, and every one gone. She again assured the refugee of her stedfast protection, and retired.

On the following day, and for many succeeding days, she regularly supplied him with provisions; and the instant a favorable moment arrived for his escape, his vigilant friend conducted him from his subterraneous abode, and instructed him in the safest means to pass unmolested. Leaving the tomb, he gained the country; and soon after rejoining his wife, her presence and affections taught him to appreciate still more highly the services of his generous benefactress.

ON THE RESPECT DUE TO FEMALES.

IT is a general and trite observation, that, in proportion to the advancement of civilization and refinement, we perceive the influence of females in society; and the universal benefit and advantage of mankind is allowed to increase according to this influence. Egypt, the original centre of the arts and sciences, owes part of its glory to this improving source; for, whilst other nations were obscured by ignorance and superstition, they acknowledged themselves improved by the influence of the Fair. Women, who in most other countries were treated as mere slaves to the appetites of men, were there regarded as rational beings: their education was polished, their manners refined, and, to use the expressive language of Scripture, they were considered as a "help-mate fit for man."

In some of the northern parts of America, the whole sex is treated with respect and deference, and are considered of so much importance to society, that the utmost attention is paid to their happiness.

"Could we, be able to impart some of the refinement that influenced the Egyptians, or the feelings that actuated the [native] Americans, into the general mass of our *men of fashion*, we might have the satisfaction of beholding wives more attached, mothers more affectionate, and children more dutiful. But whilst women perceive they are no longer treated either with that respect, delicacy, or attention, to which their nature and their sex entitle them, I cannot feel astonished at observing a love of pleasure supersede domestic duties, or a crowded ball-room thought more gratifying than a solitary fire-side!

Reflect, I beseech you, upon the insulting conduct which the young men of fashion now adopt towards the fair! —Instead of feeling proud of rendering them any service, they seem absolutely to study a method of insulting; and an *impudent stare* (sufficient to put any modest woman out of countenance) is all the attention she must expect to receive in society. As to placing her a chair, handing her to her coach, or seeing that her servants are in readiness to attend her,—that would eternally stigmatize their fame!—and they would as soon be seen embracing their grandmother as shewing their politeness to any of the sex.

To what cause are we to attribute this unmanly change in the conduct of our sex? Or by what method can we restore those days of chivalry, when women were almost considered as objects of adoration? That the change in the manners of these lords of the creation has certainly been destructive of their own happiness, both reflection and observation too fully prove; and I

am inclined to think that prevalent evil, *Conjugal Infidelity*, may trace its origin to this very cause. Would husbands be attentive, wives would become domestic. Were parents tender, children would grow obedient. Were brothers fraternal, sisters would be affectionate; and all the soft, endearing ties of consanguinity would once more shed their influence on society.

Though men frequently affect to despise the female sex, the sensible part of them will allow that they have very great influence in society: and the Romans, from whom we derive a variety of ancient practices, were so well convinced of the advantages that resulted from matrimony, that they endeavored to promote it both by dignities and honors.

In the island of Formosa (in the Chinese sea), the birth of a daughter is universally celebrated with demonstrations of delight and joy; for, contrary to the custom of other countries, the wife has the power of detaching her husband from his family: and a young man, as soon as he is married, totally resigns his friends and connections, and resides wholly with his wife's parents, whom he feels it his duty to cherish and support with more filial fondness than his father and mother. This practice, though somewhat unnatural, is certainly attended with desirable consequences; and that sex, over whom we affect a superiority, from this circumstance derives respect and tenderness.

A COQUETTE'S ACCOUNT OF HERSELF.

I AM, you must know, a young woman whose whole dependance is on my person and accomplishments; and, as I would willingly be married to a man of fortune, a description of both may be necessary.—In the first place, I have a sweet figure, charming teeth and the finest eyes in the world; my face has a good deal of wholesome flesh and blood about it, and I fancy myself possessed of a constitution very little favorable to the physicians.—Then, as for my accomplishments, I can sing all the songs in Artaxerxes like a Billington or a Banti, have a natural taste for extravagance and pleasure, and am passionately fond of running in debt.—I am, in the strict sense of the word, a bewitching girl, and very happily calculated to break a husband's heart. If any gentleman, therefore, has the least inclination to be made both miserable and a beggar, he can by no means apply to any person more devoted to his service.—But then I expect settlements pretty considerable. For making a nobleman unhappy, I could not think of less than two thousand a year, though fifteen hundred might possibly be accepted from a commoner. You may, perhaps, laugh, at hearing me talk of making the man miserable who shall honor me with his hand, as an argument in my favor; but you do not remember, that the more universal any custom is, the more fashionable it must be considered; and that making each other wretched is one of the politest accomplishments among certain people of distinction.—Not but that I can preserve appearances tolerably well: I could say "My life!" to a husband, at the same time that I was winking at another man in company; and call him "A dear creature!" at the very time that I thought him the greatest brute in the universe.

RECEIPT FOR A MODERN LOVE LETTER.

TAKE five hundred protestations, half as many vows, three thousand lies; of deceit fifty pounds weight, an equal quantity of nonsense, and treble the whole of flattery. Mix all these ingredients up together, and add thereto half a scruple of sincerity, sweetening it with the words Angel! Goddess! Charmer! and the like. When seasoned to your own taste, take as much of it as you think proper at a time, fold it up in gilt paper, seal it with the impression of a flaming heart full of eyelet holes, let it be carefully delivered, and *it is irresistible.*

THE CAPTIVE LIBERATED.

A FRAGMENT.

"IT was the gracious intention of Nature to have made thee happy in the enjoyment of freedom, and the society of kindred beings: cruel accident has controuled this dispensation; at once depriving thee of liberty and social bliss. Be mine the heart-felt happiness, by an humble agency, to fulfil the order of Providence—restoring thee to all the entertainments of fellowship and freedom."

Sweet as forgiveness to the doomed and desponding victim, seemed the words of this well-known angel voice to my soul: they were the accents of mercy, breathed in tenderness and love, and addressed by the amiable Maria to a feathered songster, her little captive.

"Yes, impatient flutterer," continued the lovely moralist, "charming as is thy song which salutes the morning, and calls me from my forgetfulness; grateful as is the expression of thy hovering wings whilst I offer thee food; yet more pleasing will be the reflection to have given thee freedom, and more grateful the joy to have restored thee to the wish of friendship, or the fond expectation of more anxious love."

Go, pretty warbler, wing thy happy flight
To scenes of social joy, and fond delight;
Where Friendship's sacred song shall hail thy wish'd return,
And Love's pure flame with highest radiance burn.
Should surly Winter, in an angry mood,
Refuse thee shelter, or deny thee food,
Return, sweet Robin—here my fost'ring care
Shall find thee shelter, and thy food prepare.

TRIFLES.

Some years ago a fellow was sentenced in Denbighshire, to be cropt for perjury. When the executioner came to fulfil the sentence of the law, he found that the prisoner had undergone that punishment already, which threw the hangman into a passion—"What the deuce," said the convict, coolly, "am I obliged to furnish you with *ears*, every time I am sentenced to be *cropt*?

All the *female* imposters we have heard of lately, are represented to be very *young* and very beautiful—qualities so very imposing, that it is not to be wondered they work upon the sympathies of the *gentlemen*. The *old* and *ugly* must be honest from *necessity*.

An Irish gentleman, who had just returned from Germany, being asked as to the state of the indemnities, answered—"Why France and Prussia have taken *all*, and they have left the house of Austria the *rest*.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, January 8, 1803.

A subscription was opened yesterday morning at the Tontine Coffee-House, for the purpose of assisting the unfortunate sufferers by the late dreadful fire at Portsmouth, (N. H.)

For the accommodation of literary correspondents, a box for the reception of letters is placed at the gate-way to the office of the VISITOR, No. 90, William-Street, where communications will be thankfully received.

LIST OF DEATHS IN THIS CITY,

The city clerk reports the death of 29 persons during the week ending on the 2d inst. viz. of Old Age 2—Small Pox 3—Inflammation 2—Fits 3—Consumption 4—Sudden 1—Accidental 1—Scarlet Fever 1—Dropsy 2— Cancer 1—Fistula 1—Cramp 1—Received by a fall 1—and of diseases not mentioned 5—Of the whole number, 15 were adults, and 14 children.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

New-Bedford, Dec. 24.

Died at Easton, on Friday night last, Josiah Winslow, aged about 25 years, and —— Hayward, aged about 19. The night being extremely cold, and the room in which they were to sleep, having been recently plaistered, they placed in it a large pan of lighted charcoal, and retired to bed late in the evening: early the next morning the family called them, but not receiving any answer, opened the door, and (distressing to relate) found them both dead. Hayward lying in bed perfectly natural, as though he were in a sound sleep: it appeared he expired without a struggle. From Winslow's position it seemed he had made an effort to open the door, but failed, and fell back on the bed. The jury of inquest reported, that their death was caused by suffocation.

THEATRICAL REGISTER FOR 1803.

KNOWING the influence which a well conducted Theatre has upon literature and morals, we have made an arrangement for the purpose of giving an impartial register of the pieces played on our stage, and of all events immediately connected with the drama: with such strictures on the manner of *getting up* and the manner of *performing* them, as may tend to the improvement of all concerned.

It is generally acknowledged that the theatre of New-York has taken the lead of the continent; notwithstanding the superior population of Philadelphia, and the much greater encouragement which theatrical efforts and genius have experienced there, we have seen the most popular plays which have of late years been exhibited, making their first appearance on our stage, and the strongest company ever enrolled on the continent exerting their efforts to support the fame of our theatrical establishment.

The company of the present season consists of Messrs. Hallam, Hodgkinson, Whitlock, Tyler, Johnson, Fennel, Jefferson, Cooper, Hogg, Martin, Prigmore, Hallam, jun. Shapter, and others; Mesdames, Hallam, Hodgkinson, Whitlock, Johnson, Jefferson, Hogg, Brett, with Miss Hogg and Miss Brett.

We shall, perhaps, have occasion to notice some of the past events of the season, but at present we shall confine ourselves to the performances as they are exhibited, beginning with January 1st. *Blue Beard; by George Coleman, with alterations by William Dunlap: Poor Jack: and the Midnight Hour; from the French by Mrs. Inchbald.*

Blue Beard is so pleasant a vehicle for pageantry and music, that a man must be a cynic not to be pleased with it. As the cast has been materially altered since last season we shall give it.

Abomelique,	Mr. Fennel—*vice* Tyler.
Selim,	— Tyler, *vice* Hodgkinson.
Shacabac,	— Hodgkinson, *vice* Wilson.
Ibrahim,	— Jefferson.
Hassan,	— Robinson, *vice* Wilmot.
Fatima,	Mrs. Hodgkinson.
Irene,	Miss Hogg, *vice* Miss Brett.
Beda,	Miss Brett, *vice* Miss Westray.

The piece upon the whole appeared to more advantage than ever; although the greater part of the audience was so crowded that they could not enjoy themselves. The manager had a handsome new-year's gift.

January 3d, *The Merchant of Venice; (Shakespeare,) Obi; (Hawkes:* or rather a misrepresentation of him.) For the benefit of Mr. Cooper. Shylock Mr. Cooper, Gratiano Mr. Hodgkinson (for the night), Bassanio Mr. Fennel, Portia, Mrs. Johnson.

Mr. Cooper having received an invitation from the proprietors of Drury-Lane theatre, on this night took a benefit previous to his departure. The public, far from resenting the intended change in his situation, seem to exult in the testimony which is thus given to the abilities of a favorite. The house was crowded and the audience well pleased, except with the pantomime.

January 5th, Macbeth, Shakespeare; Romp, Bickerstaff.

Mr. Cooper's merit in Macbeth has long been acknowledged. Mrs. Whitlock's Lady Macbeth is a *chef-d'œuvre*. The rest of the piece was well performed; and after Mrs. Hodgkinson's Priscilla, the audience returned home well satisfied.

INTERESTING.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in London, to his friend in Philadelphia, dated October 24, 1802.

"It is now universally believed, and is confirmed to me by a particular friend, just arrived from France, that she is going to take immediate possession of Louisianna. Mons. L'Aussat, is appointed Colonial Prefect; Jean Job Ayme, Commissaire de Justice, and Gen. Victor goes out with 4000 troops.

"M. L'Aussat had taken leave, and had an interview with Mr. Livingston, our minister, on the occasion."

By an arrival yesterday from Savannah, we have the melancholy intelligence of the death of the Rev. Dr. Peter Thatcher, of this town. The event which deprived society of an eminent preacher, and an amiable man, took place on the 16th ult. and was announced here by the tolling of all the bells for one hour, we understand, his remains will be brought home, and deposited in the family vault. [*Bost. Ga.*

A person who stiled himself a *mad doctor*, lately published an address in a provincial paper, beginning, "*Worthy the attention of the insane.*"

Portsmouth, [N.H.] Dec. 18, 1802.

About 4 o'clock last Sunday morning we were alarmed by a distressing cry of fire, which broke out in the building appropriated to the N. Hampshire Bank—one half the building occupied by Mrs. Hart, as a dwelling house. The fire was discovered by a gentleman who lodged there, who gave the alarm immediately; but before the people could collect, the fire had burst through the walls of the house, and it was soon enwrapt in flames, the family having scarcely time to escape. The fire communicated to the adjacent buildings, and spread with such amazing rapidity, that every effort to stop it was in vain, until it had destroyed the new market; and every building on Daniel-street, as far as capt. Hall's on the north, and Mr. Hart's on the south—whose houses were preserved. To the northward, the destruction was far more extensive. Every building on the parade, except the meeting-house and court-house—every one on Market-street and Fore-street, as high as Mrs. Wipple's house—every one on Bow-street, as far as capt. Cutts' store in Church-hill—every one on Cross-street to the top of Dwyer's hill—every one on Ladd-street excepting one, fell victims to the devouring flames.

At the several places above-mentioned, the progress of the fire was arrested by the most violent exertions; and by three o'clock in the afternoon, it was so far subdued as to give some hopes that the whole town would not be buried in one general heap of ashes. By this distressing calamity, a great number of persons are deprived of a home for themselves and families, and many of their means of support. Several widows and orphans are left destitute of every necessary of life, and are entirely dependent upon the charity of the benevolent. About one hundred buildings have been destroyed, and that part of the town which most materially affected the gentlemen in trade. Nearly three quarters of the European and India goods in the town had been deposited in the stores and shops which were consumed; but by the kind assistance of their friends, the merchants and traders have preserved the greatest part of their stock. Great credit is due to the gentlemen of the neighboring towns, who came to assist the distressed. In what manner the fire began, remains yet to be developed: that part of the building where it was first discovered, had not had any fire put there by the occupant for several days prior to the calamity.

HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Marriages.

On Saturday morning, the 25th ult. Mr. David Bliss to Miss Elizabeth Crendal, both of this city.

At Newark, on Monday evening, the 27th ult. Mr. Wm. Phoenix, of this city, to Miss Mary Hedden, of that place.

On Friday, the 31st ult. Mr. Thomas I. Bartow, to Miss Jane Smith, daughter of Captain Thomas Smith, all of this city.

On Saturday evening, Mr. George Bruce, printer, to Miss Margaret Watson, both of this city.

Same evening, Mr. Gilbert Dean, of Staten-Island, to Miss Margaret Hanrahan, of this city.

Same evening, Mr. Moses Crane, of this city, to Miss Phoebe Hunt, daughter of Major Hunt, of Paulus-Hook.

Same evening, at Philadelphia, Mr. Thomas Wignell, Manager of the New Theatre, to Mrs. Anne Merry, of the same Theatre.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Stephen Phelps, to Mrs. Charlotte Stymes, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Lemuel Wright, to Miss Mary Lane, both of this city.

At Westchester, Mr. Thomas Windle, of this city, to Miss Sally Fowler, of that place.

At Halifax, (N. S.) the Rev. Archibald Gray, to Miss Martha Head,—Martha has at once become Gray, *and the pair are literally* grey-headed.

Ifegs! but this looks something like a reformation.—Our selected essays on Marriage, have had the desired effect.

Deaths.

On Thursday, in last week, Mr. Francis Lewis, father of the present Chief Justice of this state, in the 90th year of his age; a defender of the rights of these States against Britain.

On Sunday evening, Mrs. Sarah Clarkson, wife of Gen. Clarkson, of this city.

On Tuesday, Mr. Thomas Lloyd, a man possessed of much philanthropy.

In Albany, John Jacob Beeckman, formerly mayor of that city.

In Hartford, (Con.) John Lawrence, for a long time Treasurer of that state.

On Saturday, the 11th ult. in Kentucky, Gen. Benjamin Logan, eminent for his services during the late Indian war.

In Savannah, Mr. Ralph Shufflebottom.

At Gottenburgh, lately, John Hall,—worth 80 tons of gold!

THEATRE.

Positively Mr. Cooper's last appearance.

On Saturday evening, January 8, will be presented by desire,
A Tragedy, called,

HAMLET.

To which will be added, a
Comic Opera, called

THE PRIZE.

On Monday, January 10, will be presented A Romantic Drama, called,

BLUE BEARD.

Wanted,
AN APPRENTICE
TO THE PRINTING BUSINESS.
A smart boy of good morals.
Apply at this office.

APPRENTICES WANTED.
One or two Apprentices wanted to the
CABINET-MAKING BUSINESS.
Enquire of the Printer.

Mr. TOWNSEND begs leave to acquaint the Public, that, through the impoliteness of Mr. Adams he was obliged to postpone the exhibitions of his scholars, on Tuesday evening last, without a possibility of giving timely notice of the disappointment. They will, however, possitively perform on Tuesday evening next, at a handsome apartment, in the City Hotel, in Broadway; where, from the pains and expence taken in preparing them, he flatters himself they will not fail to give satisfaction to the audience.

Tickets for admission, 3s for grown people, and 2s for children.—To be had at the door.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

GREATNESS is ever most open to the attacks of malignity; and no character however reproachless, but receives a share of unjust censure, Washington *himself has been the burthen of a thousand slanders, and calumny ever grew with the splendors of his reputation. The stains which party-prejudice would have cast on his* political *fame, the tears of* America *have long since obliterated; but as to that part of his character, which is more retired from public view, and which regards the finer feelings of the heart; there are those who are still actuated by the bias of aspersion.*

On an event which at the time of its occurrence roused the keenest sympathy, over the fate of deluded youthfulness, the minds of many still dwell, with mingled regret and indignation. The death of Andre *excited the most violent sensations. Personal attachment to him, united with the rancor of national animosity, in inducing many to execrate that severity which the crisis demanded, and which justice could not have dispensed with. Though the lapse of a few years has abated that violence, and mellowed down that grief; in some the recollection of that event is still attended with impressions, most injurious to the* greatest *and the best of men. And though the writer of the following lines may not succeed in disenthralling his fame, he will at least feel a pleasure in having paid this tribute to his memory, who was the "first in War, first in Peace, and first in the hearts of his Countrymen."* B.

LINES to the memory of WASHINGTON.

SHORT is the triumph of that swelling name
That ruins empires to solicit fame;
That lifts the sceptre, and erects the throne,
Mid wide-spread devastation all his own:
Smiles on the woes that swell *Ambition*'s train,
The gloomy tyrant of a drear domain—
Oblivion's dirge floats sadly o'er *his* bier
Whom *Worth* embalms not with the grateful tear.

Not so the Chief *Columbia*'s annals claim,
Alike to *virtue* sacred as to *fame*.
Immortal Washington! no crimson'd rays
Flash from *thy* name, or round *thine* actions blaze.
Bright in themselves they boast no borrow'd day,
Nor proud memorial pioneers their way.
Torn by *thy* hand from splendor's loftiest throne,
The Medean sceptre, and the Persian crown;
No prostrate Darius mourns in sullen state,
The sad reversion of his country's fate.
The *Ides* ne'er chill'd thee with prophetic gloom,
Nor *Cæsar*'s laurels flourish round thy tomb.
Born to avenge thy country in the field,
Or guard her councils with a patriot's shield.
To guide despondence thro' retreat's alarm,
Or ravish triumph with resistless arm.
And when exchang'd the *faulchion* for the *pen*,
To lose the *soldier* in the *citizen*.
Pour the mild accents of preceptive age,
Or sooth the fire of youth, or fire the sage.
The world admires how various virtue's blend,
Thy country's *panoply*, thy country's *friend*.

What tho' the hand of misinspir'd zeal
Would clothe his *virtues* as his *form* in steel;
Blast his fresh laurels with deciduous bloom,
And bid them fade on *Andre*'s sacred tomb.
Fond friendship summon the indignant glow,
And *grief* lament when *virtue* feels the blow.
Tho' vengeance threaten, and compassion bleed;
Recording *Justice* consecrates the deed.

He saw the gloom that wrapt Columbia's sky
Still lingering near, destruction scarce gone by!
With dread survey'd the half-averted doom,
Unfinish'd fate still slumbering in its womb.
Stern duty bade his guiltless sword display
To ward the terrors of a future day.
E'en victim *Andre* owns Columbia just,
Nor brands that name which gave him to the dust.
Defends the *Patriot* with his latest breath,
And only begs an honorable death.

'Twas thus Almeria, when distraction's pow'r
Led on her Moor to guilt's climactric hour,
Round his pale form in fond forgiveness clung,
And love's approving accents died upon her tongue.

Not thus did *Washington* inflict the blow,
'Twas *duty* urg'd inevitable woe.
No passions mingled with the mournful doom,
Nor frenzy's fiat, nor delusion's gloom.
The kindling *patriot* o'er the *man* aspir'd,
And *freedom* seal'd the sentence *reason* had inspir'd.

Ah had *ye* seen (who breathe unhallow'd ire;
O'er *Andre* weep—yet wake resentment's fire)
The warring tumults of our hero's breast,
The half-determin'd pause,—the sigh suppress.
And when from fate's stern tribunal retir'd
To vent those griefs a *soldier*'s had inspir'd;
How virtue's doom the ready tribute won,
And valour wept when freedom's task was done!

Old Egypt's ruler thus when o'er the land,
Predicted famine wav'd her blasting hand;
As mid the throngs that sought a quick supply,
The treach'rous sons of *Jacob* met his eye,
On the pale guests with fond reluctance frown'd,
Each look was anguish, and each thrust a wound—
Tho' justice bade affected sternness lowr,
Indulg'd relenting's rul'd the silent hour.

And thou ill-fated shade! whose early doom
Saw virtue nipp'd, e'er half disclos'd her bloom—
Oh could *thy* angel-spirit still engage,
And pour ethereal ardor o'er my page!
To heal the wound Lamenting *justice* made,
And snatch fond friendship from delusion's shade.
A fame hard-earn'd unclouded to prolong—
How would conviction thunder thro' my song!
How launch the shaft by blindfold Britain sped,
From injur'd *Washington* to *Arnold*'s head!

Nor shall the rancor of a clashing cause,
Snatch from thy worth its merited applause.
Tho' by ambition's heedless frenzy fir'd,
And all the glow of loyalty inspir'd;
Thro' the dark labyrinth of treach'ry's ways—
Thy path was trac'd—unconscious of the maze—

Still *Delia* weeps,—Columbia's *self* will mourn
The cruel chance that seal'd thine early doom;
Raise o'er thy dust the consecrated urn,
And give the fame thou sought'st immortal bloom.

Hilardo.

JUST PUBLISHED
by Ming & Young,

THE
NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,
For 1803.—containing,

Astronomical calculations,—Government Officers of the U. States—&c. of the State of N. York—Charter officers of the cities of N. York, Albany, and Hudson—Duties on imports—Officers of the principal Societies in the city of N. Y.—Directors of the Banks in N. York, Albany, and Hudson—Times of holding U. S. Courts—Times of holding Courts in the State of N. York—Money Tables—Gauging Table—Post days at N. York—Table of Roads, &c. &c.

The above useful little work may be had of most of the Booksellers in this city, price 25 cents.

‡*‡ A few copies will be bound in a pocket-book manner.

JOHN DOWNS,
Respectfully informs the public, that he executes Painting and Glazing with neatness and dispatch, at his shop, No. 7, Jacob-Street.

N. SMITH,
Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, 14 doors from the Fly-Market, up Maiden-Lane, in Liberty-Street, No. 6, New-York.

Among all the innocent, salutary, and perfectly efficacious Cosmetics of Smith's preparing, improved chemical Milk of Roses, or Beauty's Preservative, holds the most distinguished rank, and is famed at every toilet of fashion in London, and, from the great demand, will soon be so in America. That the public may no longer be imposed on by the trash under that name, Smith is determined not to sell any without his seal and name on the bottle in copperplate, warranted genuine, or taken back and the money returned. It is likewise of so innocent a nature, it might be used internally, in the most infant state, it being only deserving of the many impartial recommendations it hourly merits from the first of families, owing to the many excellent qualities which it possesses above any thing of the kind ever discovered. No wash was ever known to purify the skin equal to this. It cleans and preserves the most delicate complexion, keeps the hairs of beauty to extreme old age, makes the reddest and browness skin fair and white, unblemished by wrinkles, pimples, tan, morphews, and every other deformity of the skin. It is exceeding fine for gentlemen to use after shaving, as it heals and takes off all smarting of the soap, and renders the face smooth and comfortable. Sold with printed directions, 6s per bottle, small do. at 3. Ladies that take the Milk of Roses by the quart will have an abatement. Smith would just mention, that his chemical milk of roses was highly recommended by some of the gentlemen of the faculty who have taken the trouble to analize this wash, and express their wonder that a thing so innocent would have such an immediate effect upon the skin.

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